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A STRUGGLE WITH FATE.

A Discouraging Mixture of Comedy, Tragedy, and Farce.

The story is told, in San José, that one evening in August, some three years ago, a stranger made his appearance in that city, and shortly thereafter created a breeze in society circles. He had wandered aimlessly about the streets for two or three days, speaking to no one, caring for nothing. He was a young man, and might have been considered unusually handsome if his clothes had been good; but they were old, and faded, and threadbare. There could be no mistaking the fact that he was an adventurer, who had succeeded in finding only disappointment and poverty. He was tall and straight, and had a distinguished look.

On the evening of about the third day he was accosted on San Fernando Street by a man exceedingly drunk. This man was called "Tarantula Joe," but some of the boys persisted in addressing him as "Tarantula Juice"—not a very inappropriate appellation, but one which was indignantly resented by Joe, who was a fighter from Tuolumne, and who boasted, among his numerous other exploits, that in early days he had frequently rolled a barrel of whisky fifty miles a day, and taken a drink every time the bung turned up.

"Hello, stranger!" he said to the seedy young man. Joe was everybody's friend, but had a strange way of showing his friendship when he was drunk. "What yer prowlin' round here in that hang-dog style fer, a-skeerin' people?"

"It's none of your d-d business," replied the meek-looking stranger.

Joe was not the man to brook such an insult. The stranger attempted to pass on, but Joe stopped him.

"See here, young feller, do yer know that yer a-tacklin' the wust man in this town? An' I'm on the fight bigger'n a wolf. Yer mis'rable cockroach-eater, I'll—"

But he never did. He thought a brick had struck him, but it was only the stranger's fist that laid him out on the sidewalk. If there was one thing that Joe respected above all others, it was a man who knocked him down. As he scrambled laboriously to his feet, his breath considerably shortened, he found himself face to face with the stranger, who had done the square thing, in Joe's opinion, by not following up his advantage while Joe was down, but who nevertheless assumed a posture so aggressive that Joe became aware of gloomy possibilities. So he began to temporize.

"Can't yer take a joke?" he said, holding out his hand, which the stranger grasped. Joe eyed him in absorbed admiration.

"Who'd 'a' thought," he said, "thet a slim spider like you—beggin' yer pardon fer callin' yer a spider, which yer ain't a spider—could 'a' let out so strong?" And with his left hand he felt the stranger's right arm, gauging the muscle. "Quicker'n a grizzly, too," he added.

So they immediately became fast friends. Joe proposed that they take a drink. The stranger acquiesced, saying he hadn't had a square drink for some time; but he was considerably shocked when he discovered that he had to pay for the liquor, Joe being in his chronic condition of pocket-emptiness, and the stranger evidently hated to part with the money. Then they became very communicative. The stranger told how he had such a run of bad luck that the world seemed dreary, and there was nothing to live for. Joe spoke words of encouraging consolation; and, as a last and purely conventional expedient, urged the stranger to marry some rich girl and settle down. Joe explained how easily it could be done. His friend had brains, good manners, nerve, and good looks—all the necessary requisites for doing "the correct thing." The stranger was modest on that score, but Joe clung to the proposition, saying that a man with such a style could marry any girl in Christendom—and a half dozen, in fact, if he wanted that many. All that was necessary was unlimited cheek and a well-arranged plan. They parted late.

"Sir!"

"I requested merely—"

"Who are you? How dare you?"

"I am simply a gentleman. I—"

"But you have made a mistake. I don't know you."

They were standing on Santa Clara Street. She spoke in rather a loud tone, and the stranger betrayed a little nervousness and dread that the passers-by might interfere.

"I have not intimated," he said, "that I am so fortunate as to be known by you. It was the very desire to know you that impelled me—"

"I don't understand you, sir. I'll call an officer unless you leave me instantly!"

"Such language humiliates me exceedingly, madame. Accept my humblest apologies for having caused you any uneasiness or fright. The street is thronged, and any one would protect you against an indignity at my hands. I beg you to wait just a moment, that I may explain myself."

"But to be seen standing in the street conversing with a man of your—your—appearance!"

"Madame, if my face is crimson at that cruel remark, it is merely evidence of a weakness that I am unable to conquer—call it pride, if you please. I regret that my poverty obtrudes itself, obscuring everything else."

A look of pity appeared in the girl's eyes, and, although

she evinced in her attitude of impatience a strong desire to be left alone, her original feelings of fear and repugnance gradually melted under the firm, deliberate, polished, gentlemanly bearing of the man. The stranger exhibited a kindly, patient dignity that would have made a California girl, with a spark of adventure and romance, think twice before she rejected his advances summarily.

"That is true, sir," she said, "I have no doubt. But that is no reason that I shouldn't put an end to this interview by saying, once for all, I decline your escort."

Her tongue uttered these words. Her eyes said: "I dare you to try me a little further." He heard the words, but saw the look. She felt the superiority of this man's will. She turned to leave, scornfully. He promptly stepped to her side. Of course she was greatly angered at this persistent impertinence, and, turning upon him with flashing eyes, she said:

"I thought I had said enough, sir, to put a gentleman on his honor. You place me in a false position. Your impertinence is extremely distasteful to me. Please leave me."

So said her tongue. Her eyes said: "You haven't got the nerve to go any further." He said (as by this time they were walking slowly along):

"You misconstrue me entirely. Let me explain my motives, that you may understand my apparent rudeness. I am a stranger; I have no friends here. I have been unfortunate. There was such a kind, womanly, sympathetic expression in your face—please don't turn away. Thank you. Apart from the consideration that you should have an escort over the Guadalupe bridge—"

"You know where I live, then, it seems?"

"Certainly; and your name also."

"And you a stranger here?"

"Absolutely."

There was such a delicate little compliment concealed in this that she was flattered.

"I was saying," he continued, "that, apart from that necessary consideration, I did not think it would be wrong, or that I was lacking in respect, to speak to you, to be a few moments with you, and then leave you forever. I put it to you, as a reasonable, sensible woman, whether or not I appear to do anything in violation of a man's proper regard for things that should be handled tenderly and sacredly. I am separated from every face and scene that has heretofore made life pleasant. I am a stranger in a strange country, and it is with shame that I admit that the appearance I make precludes my entry into society congenial to my tastes. I am lonely and desolate, hungering for a kindly look, and it is only desperation on that account that forces me to approach you. And then, your face reminds me so strikingly of my mother's that I could not resist the desire to hear your voice also."

This fellow was a born diplomat. The girl was about eighteen or twenty years of age. Of course she was handsome, and had a sweet face. The young man had the bearing of a polished, though unfortunate, gentleman; proud, but with a pride tinged with sorrow and loneliness; calm, slow, erect, and possessed of that ability to look steadily and undauntedly into the eyes of a woman—that has more weight as expressing power and superiority than all other things combined. The girl was touched with pity, and spurred by a desire for an adventure. She had strong self-reliance—the ruin of nine-tenths of the California girls that are ruined.

"I really don't know what to do," she said.

"I don't believe," replied the stranger, "that a woman with as much strength and character as I see in your face would naturally lay as much stress on conventionalities as would those of shallower feeling."

During this time they had advanced a few steps. The girl looked at the ground, confused. The man at her side was evidently a gentleman. He was in distress, was reminded by her of his mother, had no friends—perhaps was in want. Poor fellow! But what would her friends think of such an escapade? Nevertheless, after hesitating a moment, she admitted that she had been conquered, by saying:

"I'll grant your strange request, sir, though I'm afraid I'm doing wrong."

It is somewhat singular that, at that particular moment, it did not occur to her that the street-car passed over the terrible Guadalupe bridge. Furthermore, nobody was ever known to require an escort over it. After introducing themselves, she commenced to tell him about her fear in crossing the bridge alone at night; and he said yes, he had heard that it was considered a dangerous place. They were both terrible liars.

His name was Hardy; hers, Sophronia. Her father's name was Morris. He was a rich, kind-hearted old gentleman, who had a mansion on the Alameda.

As the two passed the post-office corner, a pair of bleared eyes winked quietly, and a couple of whisky-tasting lips grinned sardonically. They belonged to Tarantula Joe.

As soon as the couple got under the shadow of the wall of Notre Dame, Hardy placed Sophronia's arm within his own. She did not object. He entertained her marvelously well. His knowledge of the world was extensive, and his education good. She began to think he was an angel in disguise.

At the east end of the bridge there stood a bill-board. When the two passed this, and were well on the bridge, a shadowy form, scarcely perceptible in the darkness, emerged from behind this board and crept noiselessly after them.

This sneaking person carried a club in his hand. Stepping rapidly behind Hardy, he raised his deadly weapon and brought it down with a heavy blow on the young man's head. There was a dull, crashing thud, and Hardy sank with a groan. There was a slight convulsive contraction of his muscles, a gurgle, and all was quiet.

The girl heard the blow, and saw her defender stretched at her feet. She was instantly rendered powerless and speechless by a sickening terror. Immediately a powerful and brutal hand closed upon her throat, stopping her breath. Other shadows emerged from the darkness, a dozen strong hands seized her, and before she had time to offer a resistance that would have been useless, a gag was thrust into her mouth, choking her.

So intently had the highwaymen been engaged in rendering the girl helpless and robbing her of her jewelry, that they did not perceive Hardy stagger to his feet. He was dazed and uncertain. The blood poured down his face and saturated his shirt. A glance at the struggling forms brought him slowly to his senses.

"Has she any money?" demanded a gruff voice.

"I can't find any."

"Take those rings off her fingers. God! how she struggles! Isn't that a watch? Snail on to it. Pull out those earrings—quick!"

"I can't—don't know how they are fastened."

"Tear 'em out, then—you; and hurry up!"

At the moment when the robber grasped the earring to pull it rudely through the tender flesh, a heavy club descended crashing upon his shoulder. Hardy was awake. He had seized the club, which had dropped upon the bridge, and was wielding it with a merciless desperation that only the protection of so precious a charge could have inspired. The robbers turned upon him—five in number.

Quick as a cat, and before they could recover from the surprise of an attack by a man who, to all appearances, had been killed, he felled another with a heavy blow upon the head. The remaining four rushed upon him before he had time to raise the bludgeon again, overpowered him, and bore him down. The club was wrenched from his grasp after a desperate struggle, and laid with deadening blows and with terrible effect upon his face and breast.

One of the ruffians drew a knife to plunge into Hardy's breast; but the young man struck it from his hand, seized it, and drove it into the throat of the nearest robber. This man fell with a gurgling noise, strangling with blood. Hardy struck about him wildly with the knife, and the robbers sprang away to escape the cruel steel.

He regained his feet, and attacked his assailants; but a strong blow with the clenched hand upon his arm caused his weapon to drop from his grasp. The two men closed, and a determined struggle ensued for the possession of the knife. The others darted to seize it, when a kick in the face from Hardy's boot stretched two of them full length upon the bridge.

The contest on both sides was desperate. It was no longer robbery, but murder. The girl attempted to render her brave companion some assistance, but she was brutally thrust against the railing.

By a dextrous kick Hardy succeeded in sending the knife flying off the bridge; and immediately thereafter, having pushed his assailant against the outer railing, suddenly picked him up and thrust him headlong into the mud beneath. It was a fall of fifteen or twenty feet.

The remaining robbers, evidently discouraged at the determination and immense strength of Hardy, and disgusted with an enterprise that had already cost them so dear, were easily put to flight by the appearance of a knife that Hardy whipped from his pocket.

He was master of the field. A dead body remained.

He quickly removed the gag from the mouth of the almost fainting girl. He restored to her what jewelry the robbers had dropped. The blood covered his face.

"You are seriously hurt," she said, as soon as she could recover her speech.

"It is nothing," he replied, wiping the blood from his face.

Nevertheless, he walked unsteadily as they proceeded, and at length was compelled to stagger against a fence, and lean upon it for support. Every noble and generous feeling in the girl's heart was aroused. There was no longer any ceremony between them. She put her hand caressingly on his face. Then she took it away and looked at it by the light of a distant lamp. It was stained with blood. Soon he regained his strength, and they continued on their way. They stopped before the gate.

"Come in," she said; "this shall be your home until you are well." And she added, somewhat embarrassed, "You are a hero."

"Thank you. I must go. Good-night."

"You must come in. I shall never forgive you if you don't. I may never see you again."

"Perhaps not," he said, bitterly.

This made her thoroughly determined to detain him. She had a strong will, but his was a stronger. She became almost angry; then she bit her lips in the dark, and implored him to remain.

He declined, in a respectful, kindly way.

"Well, then," she said, "where do you live?"

"Nowhere."

"Please tell me."
 "Nowhere."
 "Will you let me know to-morrow?"
 "I don't know."
 "Please do."

"Perhaps. Here is a street-car. Good-night."
 Then she did a very foolish thing. She threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him. He left, doubly a conqueror.

There was tremendous excitement over the affair. The police were informed as soon as the girl's father could hear the terrible story and reach the police station. The officers could find only a quantity of blood on the bridge, the body having been removed. Rigorous search for several days failed to reveal the identity of the robbers. Several arrests were made, and the strictest vigilance maintained, but without avail.

Another mysterious development was the disappearance of Hardy. He could not be found. However, on the second day the old family physician of the Morris household came panting up the walk in great excitement, and exclaimed to the girl:

"I have found him!"
 She turned pale with excitement and joy.
 "Where is he?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Jump into my buggy, and I'll take you to him."
 She did so. They found him in a small, dilapidated adobe house on Market street, with a Spanish family. He was delirious, and in a high fever. The girl sat down by the bed, took his hot hand in hers, and before the old doctor knew what was coming next, she commenced to cry. Then she kissed Hardy's hand.

The old man took her home, and she came twice a day to see him, bringing her father or mother, and always taking some delicacy, and doing whatever a kind and generous heart could suggest. Gradually he recovered, and as soon as he could be moved he was taken to her home. There he became entirely well. By his patience and gentleness he won the hearts of every one—except the girl's. Hers was won already.

Time slipped away. Hardy was established in business by the grateful father. Poor old Tarantula Joe, who, unaccountably, seemed to be a great favorite with the young man, was allowed to sit in the kitchen and drink a dozen of champagne on the night of the wedding of Sophronia Morris to John Hardy—a brilliant affair, by the way.

A few months ago Hardy was reading the morning paper, when a bright ray of sunshine came in through the door. It was Hardy's wife, the happiest and proudest woman on the Alameda.

"My dear," he said, "have we lived happy these two years?"

"Why, John—what a question!"

"And you have never regretted the persistence of a seedy stranger on Santa Clara Street two years and a half ago?"

"I regret nothing, John, and you know it. I didn't know what life was until I met you. But, oh! that was a terrible night, wasn't it, John?"

"Awful!" he ejaculated, with a broad look of mischief in his eyes.

"What makes you look that way, John? You are so provoking!"

"I am a villain, dear."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you remember the robbers?"

"I think I do! They nearly killed you."

"They were friends of mine, dear."

"John!" she exclaimed, stunned.

"Absolutely true. Old Tarantula Joe and I put up the job, so that I could clean 'em out, become a hero, and then marry you."

She stared at him, astonished, shocked, and incredulous.

"John!"

"It's a fact," he said, laughing, as he saw her anger rising. She was utterly stupefied. Then a quick light came into her eyes. She knew he was joking.

"You are fooling me, John. You know that horrid club nearly killed you."

"It was made of paper," he explained, still laughing.

A gloom again stole into her face, but it was immediately dispelled by another recollection.

"But your face was really bloody."

"Joe got that for me at the slaughter-house."

She was thoroughly puzzled, not knowing what to think.

"But, John, those were real hurts on your head and face. I saw them myself. There, now!"

"Yes; and can't you imagine how I received them?"

She thought she had him cornered, but the look of confidence in his face disheartened her.

"Well, how, then?" she asked, petulant and despairing.

"You remember the fellow I pitched into the mud?"

"Yes—well, what?"

"When I went back to join the boys and have a good laugh over the affair, and to report progress, this fellow met me, mad as a Turk for spoiling his clothes and nearly breaking his neck. You see, it wasn't on the programme for me to pitch him over. That was going it a little too strong; but I couldn't resist the temptation. Tarantula Joe said I'd have to fight him, as I hadn't done the square thing. We went at it, and he gave me the worst licking a mortal ever had."

This was really so rich that the young wife made the house ring with her laughter.

"I'm glad he did—you mean old thing! I wish he had beaten you half to death! Ha! ha! ha! So you wouldn't come into the house because you had no wounds, eh?"

"Precisely."

"And after you did get that thrashing you turned it to account by getting our doctor, I suppose?"

"That's the idea."

She laughed a while, somewhat hysterically, and got up and slapped him, and then threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"What did you tell me for, you—fraud!"

"Because Tarantula Joe wanted to put on too much style, and was blackmailing me outrageously." W. C. MORROW.

SAN JOSE, September, 1880.

OUR OWN POETS.

"The Awakening."

Vide the Picture at the Mechanics' Fair.

MAN.

Is this what Adam found where God had made her,
 In solitary beauty grand in all—
 No art mechanical to form or aid her—
 Perfect Eve before the Fall?

Ah, Adam, Adam, what a day is thine!
 When love awakes, majestic and only,
 To take thee to a bosom pure, divine—
 Thou first one lone and lonely!

O spirit of tradition and belief!
 How beautiful, how human is it still;
 How tenderly it leads the way to grief,
 In spite of reasoning will!

There is no heaven where no tender love is,
 No love save that a woman mours or makes;
 The love that's here the very same above is—
 Step softly—she awakes.

WOMAN.

And this is what a man sees in his dream—
 His dream of woman fair!
 Does his best love make any woman seem
 So strong, so massive in repose, so rare?

I wish—I wish that I—well, never mind.
 She has no need to fear—
 Her lover well may know he cannot find
 The equal of this vision otherwhere.

How hateful is my padded breast, and hot!
 What, nothing—this costume!
 I feel myself the seeming I am not,
 With this awaking presence in the room.

Ah, well-a-day! she was not fated for form,
 The woman Samson sought—
 She simply was a woman, quick and warm—
 That way are Samsons caught.

This woman, when she wakes, mayhap will give
 Her quietest away.
 Not knowing half its worth; then wake to live
 The servant of a serf in love's decay.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 4, 1880.

Auf Wiederseh'n.

The lilac boughs above us spread,
 A fragrant shelter from the rain;
 Pushing the purpling roof aside,
 He laughing cried, "Auf wiederseh'n!"

The blossoms shook the rain-drops down.
 Then sprang to fresh, sweet life again;
 I waited patiently beneath,
 Because he said, "Auf wiederseh'n."

Returning soon, with mantle broad,
 We hastened through the grassy lane;
 Again, beside the orchard stile,
 He softly said, "Auf wiederseh'n."

A little flutter at my heart—
 'Twas partly pleasure, partly pain;
 A glowing spot upon my cheek;
 The rain had ceased—"Auf wiederseh'n."

Now the soft moonlight shimmers down,
 On orchard, meadow, stile, and lane;
 I wonder will he come to-night?
 What meant he by "Auf wiederseh'n"?

I hear a step adown the path,
 It makes my glad heart beat again!
 Some time we shall not need to part,
 Nor he to say, "Auf wiederseh'n."

SAN FRANCISCO, September 16, 1880.

B. F. L.

The Sweet South-land.

In sweet South-land the orange loves to grow,
 With deathless bough and bridal bloom of snow;
 The Southern river hath an undermoor—
 Its liquid laughter breaketh with a tone
 Of long-lost, love-sweet voices, distant heard,
 And here at midnight sings the mocking-bird.

Half sad, half glad,
 The rivers flow,
 In sweet South-land,
 Where mosses grow;
 And, sad
 Or glad,
 My song must go—
 Must wander where the South winds softly blow.

In sweet South-land the roses wear a tear;
 The purple grape drops for the fallow-deer;
 Beneath the pines the crushed, vanilla tell
 Where spotted fawn doth grace the dewy dell;
 And here the Cypress, with his grass-green plume,
 Sinks to his bare brown knees, in bog and gloom.

Half sad, half glad,
 The rivers flow,
 In sweet South-land,
 Where mosses grow;
 And, sad
 Or glad,
 My song must go—
 Must murmur where the sweet South breezes blow.

In sweet South-land the Druid oak doth spread,
 And purest chaplet crowns his ancient head—
 Of waxen pearls of mystic mistletoe,
 That heeds not winter's hail, nor frost, nor snow;
 Thereto the jasmine clings, with fashion old,
 And clasps his rugged arms with wreaths of gold.

Half sad, half glad,
 The rivers flow,
 In sweet South-land,
 Where roses grow;
 And, sad
 Or glad,
 My song must go—
 Must follow where the balmy South winds blow.

ALABAMA, August, 1880.

JENDWINE.

THE DEFEATED CHARTER—A NEW IDEA.

[The following correspondence suggests an idea that we have not seen elsewhere presented, except in the Sacramento *Record-Union*. Mr. Wood's manuscript was in hand before the 10th of September, the date of the *Record-Union* editorial. The future of San Francisco is one suggestive of serious complications, and whether the class of population that it is likely to have may be safely entrusted with local government may be well doubted. One very serious danger is in the fact of location. Our city is surrounded by very delightful and attractive suburban towns and villages, viz., Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, San Rafael, and Sausalito. In these places some of our very best citizens are making their residences, thus diminishing our better vote.]

EDITORS ARGONAUT: It is true that the new Constitution brings into the government of this State some provisions of law which are without precedent. It is equally true that the gentlemen who framed the new Charter, mindful of their obligations, could propose no other than one consistent with those provisions. One of those provisions is the principle of local sovereignty for San Francisco, and a complete cessation of any interference therewith by the sovereign people of the State, thus rendering the legislature powerless, either to protect us from the fruits of our own errors or to aid us against our enemies. It is possible, if this provision be not soon repealed, that it may be declared in conflict with that provision of the Federal Constitution which guarantees to each State a republican form of government. It is unrepugnant for the sovereign people to abdicate their sovereignty, or to surrender any of their essential powers or rights. Under our form of government the sovereign power is exercised by the people, upon the theory that the people are better competent to administer the government than any individual or class, and when that power is given up to any person or class, of whatever number less than the whole—whether the class be determined by birth, station, wealth, talent, or locality—then the government ceases to be republican in form.

Another of the new provisions of our Constitution is that one forbidding any public work upon the streets of the city, the cost of which is to be assessed upon private property, until after such assessment is made and collected. Though new, it is no improvement. Of course, these provisions can be changed by no legislation, and they were binding upon the framers of the lately proposed Charter.

The general theory of our new Constitution is to the effect that our people have become so experienced and so wise that we can now frame laws which will be perfect in their operations, equal in the burdens imposed, and just in their strict interpretation by human tribunals, and that all special legislation can be safely dispensed with.

We have seen that—for the sole purpose of supplying such omissions and defects as were found by experience to have existed in our original Consolidation Act, or which became such by the growth of our city and the increase of human knowledge—it was thought necessary, within the time since the year 1856, to appeal to the sovereign people of the State four hundred and forty-six times with success to supply and correct such errors and defects, and yet the author of the original act has been greatly respected for his sagacity. Let us admit that very many of those four hundred and forty-six appeals were contrary to the spirit of the original act, and were not even conducive to the public interest, it remains that some of them were essential to the municipal welfare; and yet they were all instances of special legislation. It must be conceded that the creation of the Justices' Court for this city, the Paid Fire Department, the Electrical Fire Alarm System, the Industrial School, the Almshouse and Hospital, the Home of the Inebriates, the improvement of the public parks, the increase of the police force, the settlement of the Outside Land titles, the confirmation of the Van Ness Ordinance, and many other enactments, were not only conducive to the public interests, but were actual necessities. Human wisdom did not then even foresee the present fire-alarm system. Neither can every contingency now be provided for, except by the continuance of our republican form of government, whereby the whole people rule, and fit the laws to themselves rather than fit themselves to the laws. Those theories of the Constitution that the people of a great seaport city are capable of self-government, and that special legislation must be forbidden, and that the people of the State may safely abandon a great part of its sovereignty, are contrary to the lessons of experience.

In these respects the Constitution must be amended. We want no more charters to be proposed for adoption by the popular vote of this city. To adopt any charter only tends to postpone the correction of these organic errors. In such event we would be urged to give it a full trial; in fact, we would have to do so. How better could we illustrate our weakness in the matter of local self-government than we have done by the combined defensive action of our best conservative citizens in electing some of our present officers? Yet the truest boast of the American is our capacity, as a whole people, for self-government. The logical sequence of a transfer of the sovereignty to a part, is the tendency to transfer it to a less part—in the end to an individual.

The Constitution must be amended. Let us restore to the whole people of the State that part of their sovereign prerogative which the Southern aristocrats, assisted by the communists, so unwisely procured to be abandoned. That is to say, let us return to the whole people the right to govern all our cities containing a population of more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, as well as the rest of the State. The emphatic rejection of the proposed Charter was not brought about by the hostility of the retail liquor-dealers, nor by the prejudices of those opposed to disintements, nor by the school questions—probably not by all those influences together; but rather is due to the profound respect of our people for our republican theory of government. The motto, "from many, one," applies as well to the sovereign people of a State as to that system of States which make our nation.

A word as to what is due to those gentlemen who have given their time and talents to the impossible task of framing an acceptable Charter under the absurd limitations imposed by the Constitution. Nowhere could that number of men be found with more diligence, devotion, and talent, than those freeholders brought to the public service. And, while their proposed Charter was rejected, the people of San Francisco respect the ability and industry which these gentlemen brought to their unappreciated task. J. M. WOOD.